of the Volvo and made a lot of extra garbage every week. Laura had to work all the harder, breaking them down and tying them up to go onto the curb. I was often the one to help her out, wrapping the lengths of twine around the large boxes that she had flattened out. The small Kraft dinner boxes always slipped out. They were a nuisance. Laura would press a thumb on the knot and hold it till I finished tying.

I enjoyed the shopping, pushing the cart while Adam foraged ahead for the things he knew by heart. It was like being married. This went on till one of the cleaners, a Jamaican black who lived in another House, made fun of the arrangement. From then on Adam only took tenants shopping with him. The "kitchen program" started up, and they got paid for it.

He naturally bought for the House what he himself liked to eat. I was touched that, working as hard as he was, he probably couldn't afford to buy the same things for himself. This I inferred from the way he'd grab a bite just before going home or right after arriving at work. He was allowed to do so. The company budgeted food for staff, so the haste couldn't be attributed to furtiveness. He was hungry.

He bought chicken strips, "Delicio" brand pizzas, good quality fish (usually haddock), plenty of fries. He made himself what he called "chip butts." They were sandwiches, French fries between two slices of buttered white bread. For